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Tents

Colby Dockery

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Tents

Colby Dockery

We don our masks to hide our impish plot
and now are here, when before we were not.
Enter our striped tents of black and white—
and turn thy day to Dionysian night.

We will swing through the air with endless grace
and put a smile on dear Apollo's face.
Be not afraid of whom thou cannot see—
they only want to laugh and play with thee.

We break the feeble limits of the mind
in these tents where Muses hath intertwined.
They will tell thy fortune and make thee smile—
and only occasionally beguile.

57

We have no doubt thou wish for us to stay
lest thou dost leave and drive thyself astray.
So make a plea to Hecate's mindful ear—
and catch us all before we disappear.